

## The Golden Song

The alarm's buzzing filled the air as a hand smacked the top of it and silenced it.

"Not to today Mr Clock," Hatsune said, giving a small chuckling.

She looked down, gripping the small triangular zipper dragging it up the seam closing the teeth shut. Hatsune stood up and made her way out of the guest bedroom, grabbing her small teal and black satchel on the way out. Her boots thudded against the floorboards as she hurried down the stairs.

"Morning Miss Miku. Did you sleep..."

"Sorry can't stop but it was good by the way," Hatsune called, glancing briefly over at the reception desk as she made her way towards the exit.

"Well okay then have fun," the reception said, taken aback by Hatsune's excitement.

Hatsune took a deep breath, the sweet smell of lavender filling her nose. She clapped her hands together, staring straight ahead of her into the distance. The familiar shape of a shining white and silver dome stood in the distance, shining like a diamond in the morning sun. These domes were popping up all over the place as part of the Vocaloid Program, providing suitable locations in major locations to start with for Vocaloid performers to perform to large crowds.

She looked left then right before running across the road. She strode down the street with a slight spring forming in each step as people waved at her. Hatsune didn't want to admit it by the attention and flash of cameras was slightly distracting, she didn't know where to turn or wave at. She staggered to a halt as a crowd formed around her, all clamouring to get a photo or shake her hand, a flood of excited voices threatened to deafen her.

"Alright break it up!"

Hatsune looked relieved as a squad of police officers pushed into the crowd, forcing them to the side to clear a path.

"Miku!"

Hatsune sprinted down the cleared path towards the figure that called her name, smiling gratefully as she stood next to them. She glanced back as the officers formed a wall to block the crowd.

"What would I do without you Yumi," Hatsune chuckled, hugging Yumi.

“Be drowned by crowds most likely,” Yumi said, adjusting her glasses slightly with one hand whilst gesturing for Hatsune to follow her.

The duo started to walk down the street as Yumi pulled out her phone, tapping the screen a couple of times.

“I figured you’d need some help getting to the arena but we should get down to business and go over today’s schedule.”

“Oh Yumi, it’s early can’t I at least see the museum before practice,” Hatsune said, looking a little defeated.

Yumi rolled her eyes, stopping them on her screen as she muttered a few things under her breath as Hatsune started walking backwards next to her looking hopeful.

“Well we can,” she said, glancing up at Hatsune, the teal haired girl’s mouth opening slightly, “We could remove an hour from your three hour break in the afternoon, meaning you would have two hours.”

Hatsune stopped walking, giving a gasp of excitement, “THANK YOU!” she cried out, jumping into a tight hug.

Yumi staggered, trying to maintain her balance as she gently pushed Hatsune back, patting her shoulders, “Easy there.”

Hatsune swept her pigtails back, bouncing lightly on the spot. She turned on her heels and began to skip down the street as Yumi watched on, shaking her head slightly.

“Where does she get her energy.”

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Hatsune slowed to a stop outside the large silver gates with two guards, her eyes sparkling as she looked up to the arena. Scaffolders and decorators working hard to put banners up. A security guard stepped out of a small booth near to the gates. She felt a little uneasy against his large size staring down at her.

“And you are?”

“Hatsune Miku, I’m performing here.”

“Yeah, right lady you and all the other cosplayers.”

“There are cosplayers of me?”

“Yes now shove off!”

“Have so respect there,” Yumi called, strolling up behind Hatsune. She looked up at the guard unaffected by his imposing size as she flashed up an identification card, “You’re disrupting the Hatsune Miku show and if you don’t open the gate your job is no more.”

With a small grunt, he unlocked the small padlock, slipping it off as he slid the bolt back. The gate creaked as he opened it. Yumi stepped through, leading the way as Hatsune followed her, the dull thud of the gate closing behind her caused her to look back and poke her tongue out to the guard rubbing her fist next to her left eye.

“Miku!”

“Coming,” Hatsune said, turning her attention away from the guard.

She craned her neck upwards as they entered the arena’s entrance hall, ribbons and balloons hung from the gantry above. Men carefully worked above, positioning lighting equipment carefully as if following instructions.

“I’ll catch you later,” Hatsune said, spying the signposts to the museum.

“Hold up!” Yumi exclaimed, grabbing Hatsune’s arm to prevent her from running off., “You need to meet me in the dressing room area in one hour and no getting lost on purpose.”

“When have I ever done that?”

“Seven times,” Yumi stated, slightly annoyed.

“Okay. One hour I’ll see you in the dressing rooms I promise.”

Yumi released her grip, folding her arms as she watched the young girl walking away.

Hatsune strolled down the route, running her hands over the red velvet rope in the centre of the corridor. Her jaw dropped as she entered a large circular room with a chandelier hanging in the centre with small spotlights illuminating various exhibits dotted around the room.

“I’m sorry we’re not open to vist...ors.” a woman in a smart red dress called, walking up to her. Her voice trailed off as she noticed who she was addressing, “Miss Miku. Sorry I wasn’t expecting you to be here.”

“I just want to see if I could get an early peek,” Hatsune said.

“Well I would but I’m currently trying to work out arrangements.”

“Maybe I could just look around. I won’t break anything.”

“Okay but don’t break your promise it could mean my job.”

Hatsune nodded as the Curator walked away. She looked around unsure of where to start until her eyes landed on white arrows weaved into the red carpet.

“That works,” she chuckled.

She followed the arrows, stopping and staring in awe at the exhibits some she hadn’t seen before from performing legends old and new. She came to a halt, staring at an old black, red and white decorated guitar. A sad expression crossed her face as she looked at the title resting on a slim silver pole.

“Frankenstrat” she muttered, a small tear filling her eyes.

She looked up to a picture hanging on the wall, a photo male guitarist jumping about on stage, playing his guitar with a look of fire and excitement written across his face, sitting behind a glass pane with a golden frame holding it all together.

“Van Halen. One of the legends, the reason why I wanted to learn guitar,” Hatsune said, softly as she wiped her eyes.

She saluted the photo before moving on, slowly browsing over framed pictures of the previous Vocaloid Performances including her first performance in Tokyo. She gave a small chuckle at the sight of her, Uni, Gumi, Kasane together with Hatsune’s fingers forming bunny ears behind Uni’s head.

Hatsune moved, stopping curiously at a seemingly blank podium. The golden material shone like the sun, a neat glyph with various Greek like symbols covering it sat on the surface of the podium. Five smaller podiums, each with matching glyphs with symbols sat even spaced out around the bigger podium. A tall microphone stand with a mic stood at the front of the central podium.

“Excuse me!” Hatsune called, waving her hand up in the air to catch the curator’s attention.

“Is everything alright maam?” the curator asked, walking up to the star.

“I was just wondering what this was meant to be?” Hatsune quizzed, gesturing to the empty spot.

“That was gonna be where our golden Hatsune Miku statue was going to be placed later on,” the curator said, walking over to the wall and clicking a switch. Hatsune’s eyes twinkled as the glyphs little up, making the gold sparkle.

“Would it be okay to get a photo?”

“There’s not much to photo maam,” the curator said, a little confused.

Hatsune pulled her phone out of her bag, “There will be if you take the photo whilst I pose on the podium.”

“Sorry, maam. I can’t allow that if the podium was to get damage I could..”

“Please,” Hatsune pleaded, “It’s only me and you here and I won’t tell anyone.”

The curator looked at the pleading eyes of the star before sighing in defeat, “Okay but this will have to be quick.

“Thank you!” Hatsune cheered, setting her phone’s camera up.

She handed it over to the curator, her boots thudded against the metal podium as she jumped up onto it.

“Sorry,” she said, catching the disappointed look on the curator’s face.

As the curator walked over to a central spot where everything was in the frame, Hatsune tapped the microphone gently with her right index finger, she slipped off her bag placing it to one side before wrapping her right hand around the microphone. She gave a cute yet cheeky smile accompanied with a wink as she outstretched her left arm, raising two of her fingers to make the peace symbol.

The curator smiled as she held up the phone, adjusting her position slightly. Hatsune cocked her right leg back to complete her pose. The phone flashed as a small clicking sounded out, Hatsune smiled as the curator lowered the phone. She lowered her leg and went to move off the podium, a small jolt caused her to yelp in surprise as she found her feet weren’t moving off of the podium.

Hatsune jerked her feet, finding them stuck fast. She strained, finding her right hand and wasn't moving from the microphone.

“What the hell!”

She wrapped her left hand around her right arm sharply tugging and jerking in unison with her trying to pull away, grunting as she strained.

“Care to help me out here?” Hatsune called out, her eyes widening in shock.

The curator had left her, she looked around desperately whilst gold spread up from the podium and onto the soles and heels of her boots. She stared down at her boots as an unsettling numbness spread into her toes and feet.

Hatsune cried out struggling as her legs and arm jolted about, her body twisting and turning trying to break free as the gold substance spread up the sides and fronts of her boots. She looked down, fear filling her eyes as she watched the shiny black leather disappearing under the shiny gold substance. She squeezed her eyes squirming at the cold feeling preceding the spread of gold up her legs as it advanced up her legs and boots. A dull creak and click sounded out as they were forcibly straightened.

“ANYONE THERE!” she cried out, feeling the numbness spreading out under her skirt.

The gold slithered up the inside of her skirt seamlessly slipping onto the front of her skirt. Hatsune ran her hand over the advancing substance, feeling the smoothness that was consuming her skirt keeping the pleated style of it. Her pupils dilated as she spotted a faint shine spreading out from the microphone, this coupled with a chilling spreading up her hand drew her attention towards her stuck hand.

Gold spread down her fingers and thumb fully setting them in place around the microphone. Hatsune screamed out for help, desperately and sharply jerking her right arm back and forth trying to free her hand as the gold crept down it.

Hatsune shrieked, her pupils dilating at the numbness advancing on two fronts, steadily spreading up her chest and shirt whilst creeping up her right arm. She watched as the advancing gold on her arm continued towards her shoulder as a section broke away and moved back down her arm, spreading over her flared sleeve.

She yelped feeling her left arm and hand moving on their own, she struggled, trying to pull her arm down as it raised up. She watched as her fingers bent and shifted her index and middle finger raising to form a peace sign. A tear trickled down her cheek as she felt the gold forming on her left shoulder whilst staring hopelessly as gold appeared on the tips of her fingers. The gold advanced up and down her arm meeting at her elbow whilst it covered her sleeve.

Her head tilted slightly, her voice retreating into a low gasp as the gold spread up her neck. She could feel her tongue becoming coated in gold as it spread around the insides of her mouth. Her lips stuck together as the gold spread out from seamlessly merging in with the gold advancing up off of her chin. She felt her breathing slowing down as it slithered up and over her nose. Her left eye felt heavy, twitching as it slowly closed, a glimmer of gold appearing in her peripheral vision as the gold seeped into her eyes, spreading over her closed left eye fixing it in a winking state.

Hatsune felt a pop in her ears as the sound around her slowly faded but as it faded she heard the sound of heels approaching her. The woman in the red dress approached the statue, tapping her thoughtfully as the gold slithered down the teal pigtails, she pulled out her phone as she grabbed Hatsune's bag. Her fingers tapped away at the screen before she held it up to her ear.

"Good news boss. The statue arrived....yes the plan worked with some help from the star's eagerness," she said, walking into the staff only area, "Maybe we should make this Golden Medusa Device a company thing."